

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Prescribing for Paul

By JANE OSBORN.

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SIDE from any considerations of patriotism—and he really was a true patriot as any in the country Paul Denham longed to join the colors and lamented the youthful bookishness that had made him too astigmatic as to eyesight to be of military use to his country. This secondary feeling of discontent in Paul was frankly due to the fact that he felt completely snubbed—snubbed in the once-doting circle of his own family, snubbed by the young women of the community by whom his mother had once assured him he was regarded as quite a catch. For the little community of Marden was within a short distance of an encampment and Marden was doing its best to create a desirable "home atmosphere" for the boys in khaki. Meantime men who still wore gray chevrons, or blue serge, or pepper and salt business suits, were negligible.

"You don't mind not having any sugar on your baked apple," Paul was assured sweetly by his mother at breakfast. "We are making pies for the canteen this morning and those pies were so tart that we had to use all the sugar we had on hand." And when Paul, his mouth in a pucker, put his hand out for the sugar bowl for his coffee, his mother passed him a nice little jug of corn syrup assuring him that he was going to enjoy using that instead of sugar because they had used practically their entire stock of sugar at her house on the pretext of meeting her mother. And Dr. Kate watched with satisfaction that was not all professional as he accepted his fifth muffin—they were made with as much wheat as the Hoover regulations allowed—and watched him eat the desert to make which she and her mother had forgotten sugar for two days. Dr. Kate had a wonderful way of finding things out, for Paul himself never told her about his socks. But before many weeks had passed he was actually bringing his socks stealthily to Dr. Kate's mother, who assured him she had a perfect passion for darning and since her own boy had gone to the front she had had none to do.

Then Kate prescribed some sort of electrical treatment for her patient that had to be administered every morning in her office before breakfast, and she also assured him that the good effects of the treatment would be offset if he went out afterward without eating. Having breakfast with Dr. Kate and her mother therefore became part of the treatment.

And Paul recovered rapidly. He regained the lost pounds, and presently his case was spoken of as a feather in the cap of Dr. Kate Pratt. Gossip had it that he was in an actual decline when she took him in hand. No one knew just what the treatment had been, but it had required many, many visits, and the fee that was handed over to the Red Cross as a result was enough to buy all the yarn that Marden women could knit up in a year.

And the funny thing was that when Paul seized for Dr. Kate's heart and hand and gained them both Marden womenfolk were a little peeved, even with Paul's mother and sister. "It's always with the eligible men," was the comment. "The girls in the home town can pet them and pamper them for years, but the first nice girl from out of town is the one they marry."

For Marden failed to see how pitifully susceptible Paul Denham had become as a result of the neglect he had suffered.

And on inquiry as to who Dr. Pratt was, was informed that Dr. Pratt was Kate Pratt—that Dr. Peters, being a skilled surgeon, had volunteered for the war and that Kate Pratt, his niece just from medical college was going to handle his practice.

And she has quite a lot of money, so she is going to give all her fees to the Red Cross or to the canteen or something. That is confidential, of course, but I have it on good authority. So it would be awful nice if you did get something the matter with you to go to her. She's been quite successful. She set Priscilla's chow's leg the other day and the blessed dog didn't whimper, and she fixed one of the soldier's ankles at the service club dance. He was dancing with that fat Baldwin girl and she tripped him and strained his ankle, and Dr. Pratt fixed him—but, of course, she didn't charge for that.

To Paul there was something odious in the idea of letting a woman doctor prescribe for him, but he kept his opinion to himself and merely made some comment on Priscilla's chow, and hoped that he was much better. Meantime he had a new worry. He was wondering how he could get his socks darned. For months he had been neglecting, for his mother and sister had neglected to see how pitifully susceptible he was now to the disrepair of the darned bag. At first he had bought new socks as he needed them, but now he had accumulated three or four dozen pairs and it didn't seem the best solution. He was wondering whether he could arrange with some seamstress to mend them with out letting his mother know—he didn't want her to feel offended, of course.

So Paul's spirits sank and his appetite waned, and before long his mother and sister noticed a lagging note in his step and a stoop to his shoulders that had not been there before. He neglected the unsweetened apples and the coffee with corn syrup and they decided he had no appetite. Well, anyway it will be a case for Dr. Kate," his sister told him, and because Paul actually becoming alarmed over his own dejected condition and because there was no other doctor in the place Paul made a special appointment for consultation and went to see her in old Dr. Peter's office.

Paul had realized before that there would be difficulties in consulting a woman physician, but the difficulties were different from those he had expected. For Dr. Kate proved to be a most radiant and bewitching young woman, who somehow sent strange thrills coursing through one's veins when she felt one's pulse, and for lack of a stethoscope she had to lay her heart for three full minutes at a time to find out the state of that organ. But anyway, there were advantages in this new embarrassment. At least she was taking him seriously—even though she received a fee for even so—and that was more than any other doctor in the place had done since the encampment was established near Marden. But that she surely did not want, but that she surely did

"WHY SHOULD I TALK?" ASKS PRETTIEST CHORUS GIRL WHO GETS PAID FOR NOT TALKING

(N. E. A. Special to West Virginia.)
NEW YORK, Oct. 24.—Why talk when you get paid for not talking?
Nope, this isn't foolish question No. 8817654.

A man could get away with it at \$100 per week, but there's darned few women who would give up the privilege of the "last word" for twice that amount.

Not so Jessie Reed, prettiest and highest salaried girl in the world. She makes \$100 a week and doesn't speak a line in the Winter Garden show.

An interview with Miss Reed is something like this.

(Q.) "How did you happen to go on the stage?"

(A.) (coolly) "I came from Houston."

(Q.) "And you come from Houston. Say, do the cowboys still shoot up Houston?"

(A.) "No."

(Q.) "Don't you find stage life in New York interesting after Texas?"

(A.) "No."

(Q.) "I had an uncle who went to Texas several years ago. Perhaps you know him. His name is John Smith."

(A.) "Why should I answer all these questions of yours? Don't you know I get \$100 a week for not saying anything?"

have to think the matter over before she could prescribe.

Meantime Paul went home encouraged and Dr. Kate cultivated the acquaintance of Paul's sister and mother. She had suspected something and she found it to be true. Then she laid out a plan for a cure and proceeded to apply it. But the cure did not come in any pill boxes or medicine bottles. The first dose was an invitation to a dinner at her house on the pretext of meeting her mother. And Dr. Kate watched with satisfaction that was not all professional as he accepted his fifth muffin—they were made with as much wheat as the Hoover regulations allowed—and watched him eat the desert to make which she and her mother had forgotten sugar for two days. Dr. Kate had a wonderful way of finding things out, for Paul himself never told her about his socks. But before many weeks had passed he was actually bringing his socks stealthily to Dr. Kate's mother, who assured him she had a perfect passion for darning and since her own boy had gone to the front she had had none to do.

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CONFESSIONS OF A WAR BRIDE

FIFTY-EIGHTH CHAPTER

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I Look on When Passion

Exact its Wage of Pain.

Mary and I had talked until we were nervous, so we walked the length of the train for exercise. Midway down the corridor of the compartment car, my big dread of the day was realized. Daddy and Mother Lorimer emerged from their room and came toward us on their way to the diner.

"Ready for dinner, Jeanne?" asked daddy. Then a ripple of amazement flitted over his distinguished features as he caught a glimpse of the girl behind me.

Mary and I couldn't turn back. We exchanged glances like two naughty children caught in mischief. Yet, viewed from any angle of justice, I couldn't see why the girl wasn't as respectable as the millionaire, nor why she and I should feel culpable.

Plainly, daddy did not intend to recognize Mary—and the decision embarrassed him. Still, I wasn't moved to spare him an atom of his purgatory. I exclaimed, "Oh, Mother, Lorimer! Let me introduce Mary Thomas!"

And then I let the big blow fall: "Miss Thomas, Mr. Lorimer!"

Daddy scarcely nodded—then he repeated this too obvious rudeness and made a quick and awkward bow. Mother helped things out, thus:

"Is your friend traveling alone, Jane? Then I would be so glad to have her dine with us."

Daddy glowered at the darkening landscape. I knew I was not ordained to be an instrument of vengeance in his case, still I could not keep from urging Mary to join us.

But the girl saw her path clearly and never hesitated: "Thank you very much, Mrs. Lorimer. I am sorry to refuse—but I have had my dinner."

She had—at noon—maybe. She was tired, but she went without her meal that night rather than affront with her presence the gentle and lovely wife of the Hon. James D. Lorimer.

Only the ghost of gaiety presided at our dinner. Mother was a little flushed—once or twice she smiled at a thought of her own. She did not refer to Mary. It occurred to me that she might know more of her husband's adventure than her children imagined. I marveled at the fate which had

GET RID OF YOUR FAT

Thousands of others have gotten rid of theirs WITH OUT DIETING OR EXERCISING often at the rate of over a pound a day and WITHOUT PAYMENT until reduction has taken place.



If you are overstout do not postpone but sit down right now and send for my FREE TREATMENT and my plan whereby I am to be PAID ONLY AFTER REDUCTION HAS TAKEN PLACE if you so desire.

DR. R. NEWMAN, Licensed Physician, State of New York

286 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Desk M-273.

Osgood's for Quality

Preston county buckwheat, home style, for breakfast each morning. Boyers Restaurant—Adv.

Tells How to Stop a Bad Cough

Surprising results from this famous old home-made syrup. Easily prepared and costs little.

If you have a severe cough or chest cold accompanied with soreness, throat tickle, hoarseness, or difficult breathing, or if your child wakes up during the night with croup and you want quick help, try this reliable old home-made cough remedy. Any druggist can supply you with 2½ ounces of Pinex. Pour this into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup, if desired. This recipe makes a pint of really remarkable cough remedy. It tastes good, and in spite of its low cost, it can be depended upon to give quick and lasting relief.

You can feel this take hold of a cough in a way that means business. It loosens and raises the phlegm, stops throat tickle and soothes and heals the irritated membranes that line the throat and bronchial tubes with such promptness, ease and certainty that it is really astonishing.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and is probably the best known means of overcoming severe coughs, throat and chest cold.

There are many worthless imitations of this mixture. To avoid disappointment, ask for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.



Large selections of very beautiful HATS are shown here at all times. But especially now, we would like you to see the extra large selection that is here.

Besides Gage, we feature Rawak, Phipps, Waldorf and many other good makes, including OUR OWN.

OSGOOD'S

The Best Place to Shop After All

DANGER AFTER SPANISH INFLUENZA OR GRIPPE

How it Can Be Avoided and Treated. Simple Rules to Be Followed. No Occasion for Panic

No need of anyone being afraid of the after effects and slow recovery from Spanish Influenza, hard colds or Grippe, if they will use common sense and start in building up their health and strength the right way. The main thing is to get the blood rich, red, and pure, so it can carry life-giving oxygen and strength to every part of the body. Impure blood is the cause of so many slow recoveries and set-backs.

Doctors say: "Get the blood right and the rest is easy, that nine-tenths of all sickness is due to lack of iron and phosphates; the healthy strong, vigorous man or woman's blood is always loaded with these two life-giving elements."

Physicians also claim with fresh air and nourishing food nothing equals Phosphated Iron as a blood tonic and health builder. Phosphated Iron takes hold from the first dose. Results are seen and felt: strength returns, food digests, appetite picks up, sleep is restful, there is a color in the cheeks and a sparkle to the eye that only blood charged with iron and phosphates can give.

It is the duty of everyone who has had Spanish Influenza, Grippe or a hard cold to build up their system with nature's tonic, Phosphated Iron.

It sure is health protection. Safety what. The results will repay you many times. Give yourself a show. Special notice: To insure doctors and their patients getting the genuine Phosphated Iron we have put in capsules. Do not take pills or tablets. Insist on capsules.

The Mountain City Drug Co. and the leading druggists everywhere.

LIVER DIDN'T ACT DIGESTION WAS BAD

Says 65 year Old Kentucky Lady, Who Tells How She Was Relieved After a Few Doses of Black-Draught.

Meadowville, Ky.—Mrs. Cynthia Higginbotham, of this town, says: "At my age, which is 65, the liver does not act so well as when young. A few years ago, my stomach was all out of fix. I was constipated, my liver didn't act. My digestion was bad, and it took so little to upset me. My appetite was gone. I was very weak..."

I decided I would give Black-Draught a thorough trial as I knew it was highly recommended for this trouble. I began taking it. I felt better after a few doses. My appetite improved and I became stronger. My bowels acted naturally and the least trouble was soon righted with a few doses of Black-Draught."

Seventy years of successful use has made Theodor's Black-Draught a standard, household remedy. Every member, of every family, at times need the help that Black-Draught can give in cleansing the system and relieving the troubles that come from constipation, indigestion, lax liver, etc. You cannot keep well unless your stomach, liver and bowels are in good working order. Keep them that way. Try Black-Draught. It acts promptly, gently and in a natural way. If you feel sluggish, take a dose tonight. You will feel fresh tomorrow. Price 25c. a package—One cent a dose.

All druggists.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(HE IS SOME SALESMAN)—BY ALLMAN.

